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Just Talks With Scouts

Conducted By Mabel Putnam Chilson

Well, scouts, it's past the Carnival over the line of floats has disappeared through the portals into that land of history which supplies us with much interesting matter in the form of magazines and books. We have become historical, so to speak, and our good turns daily practiced we shall have to cause to regret. From the messenger who ran for a cup of water in the crowded Pan-Pacific building, to the human semaphore who stood at King and Fort streets and directed cars and cars walking, and autos mauka and makai so capably, all scouts were alive and ready, and should be grateful to the scoutmasters who have given them so much time in training.

All scouts are tired—so tired and full of sleep that no meetings of importance have yet been held; but next week we'll wake up and stand alert, and the scribes will once more dip their quills in ink-wells that (alas) run to overflowing in some of the scout headquarters, wishing the writers would use them more extensively. Meantime the editor's bottle is nearly pail, while the old office quill scratches along and rebashes in a way the little notes that Mother C's adopted children have sent in.

Dear Robert Anderson has gone— one of the finest scoutmasters that the order ever boasted; and as he leaned over the rail of the Manoa, all lebedecked and smiling (while nevertheless choking down a big lump in his throat), a few of his boys left the boat and went marching back to town, their secret tears dripping down and falling into the dust below.

The perfect weather of King Carnival's week has passed, and now the coconut feather dusters that swished against the sky and kept it bright and smiling for the best part of a week, are having their deserved good wash, ing, so's to look all bright and green again. Of evenings there are but few scout voices to be heard, and as night darkens into blackness toward the morning hours, all that reaches the editor's ears is the steady strike of little hammers and the ring of elfin anvils as the menhunes play their trades under the mountain apple trees and in the black volcanic caves of upper Manoa valley.

Scribe Simonton of Troop I reports a slim meeting held last Saturday when certain exercises were attempted. It was discovered that some of the boys could not rapidly spell cat and rat, and so they held a spelling match, a few of them at the close being able to spell dog and cow and run, and other simple little words, with great rapidity. All members are requested to be present at next Saturday's meeting, as a talk will be given the boys on the use of the camera. The meeting of the following Saturday, March 10, will be interesting also as baseball stories will be told the scouts by an old hand at the game.

Abraham Amoy, formerly assistant scoutmaster of Troop II, will assume control of that troop, taking the place of Mr. Anderson.

Carl Mortensen, lately turned Eagle scout of Troop V, and scribe as well, sends in notice that the meeting night of that troop is to be changed from Thursday to Friday. All members are urged to be present at this week's meeting, March 2, as important matters will be taken up.

A good one on Sgt. Sanderson of Schofield is that he lost his automobile during Carnival week and that it was not found by his own troop (famed for tracking autos), but by somebody else—guess who.

Of interest to residents of Makiki district is the announcement of a new troop. Mr. Clinton Hicks, who has had considerable experience in handling boys, will be the scoutmaster, assisted by Les De Roo. All boys of that district who are interested are urged to be present at the Christian church on Kewalo street at 7:30 Saturday evening and help to swell the membership of Troop XVIII.

Troop V gets special mention in the February number of Boys' Life, regarding its human mascot. Also, Alatau Wilder is again listed as an Eagle scout and Robert Macconel as a Life and Star scout.

All first-class scouts who have not qualified for the merit badge for marksmanship are requested to report at Troop V's scout house and practice; that is, if they are not acquainted with rifles. Mr. Barry will instruct them how, when and where to shoot.

THE STATUE OF LIBERTY NEVER INVISIBLE NOW

Suddenly transformed from a dark bulk against the darkening sky into a gloriously illuminated figure, the Statue of Liberty on the evening of December 2, was illuminated by permanent searchlights which formed a permanent lighting plant for the famous symbol in New York Harbor presented to this country by the French people in 1886.

President Wilson gave the signal that threw the lights upon the statue for the first time. At a dinner afterwards, he made an informal address in which he spoke in part as follows:

"I was reflecting, as we saw the light stream upon that beautiful statue, that its source was outside the statue; that it did not proceed from Liberty, but proceeded from the light we were throwing upon Liberty, and it occurred to me that, after all, it was a proper symbol of our life, because we can take to ourselves the dignity of Liberty only as we illustrate the fact and the true spirit of Liberty, and the only light that we can contribute to the illumination of the world is the light that will shine out of our life as a nation upon that conception and upon that image."

The New York World, which collected by popular subscription in 1885

the final \$100,000 to complete the pedestal bearing the statue, has been able to gather by similar means the fund of \$30,000 for the installation of the new lighting plant which is to be maintained by the government at a cost of \$4,000 a year.

Boy Scouts in many parts of the country contributed to this subscription and, in some places, gathered the contributions of others.

THE BOY SCOUT LIFE-SAVERS.
Some important gatherings—peace conferences and such things—have been held at The Hague in Holland. A gathering just as important, from the point of view of two boys, was held at "The Hague" in Norfolk, Va., on September 14, 1916.

It was a swimming party, for "The Hague" at Norfolk is a branch of the Elizabeth River. An old barge served as a diving platform.

The swimmers glided through the water so easily that a seven-year-old boy who had never learned to swim thought he could do it. He found out, after he had jumped off the barge into deep water, that there were points in the game which he did not understand. He went down like a sink.

A boy who was swimming near him went to the rescue. He did not know how to handle a drowning person and was soon in trouble himself. There were all the makings of a double drowning when Archie H. Hosier, a first-class Scout, went down to investigate.

Archie tried them apart, giving the would-be rescuer a chance to save himself, then finished the job by fishing the other fellow out of the drink.

Just how near it came to being the youngster's last swimming lesson may be judged from the fact that he was confined to his bed for two days. On account of the great difficulties which had to be overcome by the Scout, and the great risk which he incurred, the National Court of Honor believed that more than ordinary recognition was due and awarded a silver medal to Scout Hosier.

Fisherman's luck! Wet, tired, hungry, Paul Stephen, a Tenderfoot in Troop No. 1 of Vassar, Mich., was crossing a trestle on his way home.

"Daddy's drowning!" came a cry from up the stream. Ninety-nine out of every 100 persons would have stopped, hesitated, wondered what to do about it. But Paul wheeled about and started back across the trestle.

A race ran under the trestle. Sixty feet up stream a creek emptied into the race. A four-year-old boy had ventured too far out on the overhanging bank and it had given away. Paul had warned him of this very danger but he had disregarded the warning.

It was an open trestle and the Scout was in danger of slipping and breaking a leg or falling through the timbers as he ran. He did not know how deep the water was. He only knew that the bank was steep and slippery and that the bottom was full of snags. In spite of all that he dove in, clothes and all.

His promptness and daring prevented a tragedy. Choking, gasping, the youngster came up in the grasp of the Scout. With the help of another boy he was dragged up the bank.

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NEW YORK REPLACES LIVERPOOL AS CENTER FOR MARITIME LABOR

[By Associated Press]
NEW YORK, N. Y.—New York City is rapidly replacing Liverpool as the labor center for sailors shipping on merchant vessels between this country and Great Britain, according to Dr. George Sidney Webster, secretary of the American Seamen's Friend Society.

"The shifting of the labor center for seamen is due," he says, "to the fact that man, ships of both American and British connections have adopted the policy of signing their men on for the forward and return voyage at this port. Under present conditions, men are more available on this side, and there are almost no instances of desertion on the British side in comparison with a considerable number on the part of sailors shipping to this country from belligerent nations."

where he collapsed. Fortunately he recovered soon and reached home without the help of an undertaker. Paul got a letter of commendation.

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